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Original Communications.

VIEW OF OLD LONDON.

The Surrey Zoological Gardens have lately changed hands, and under the new proprietor, Mr. Tyler, they have been greatly improved. Renovation appears in every part, and each step we advance, something strange or beautiful, or both, fails not to meet the eye.

But the grand feature of the present season is the picture or model of Old London. This was a happy thought: the beautiful site of these grounds offers the means of producing artistical effects, such as, perhaps, were never before attempted in any part of the world. When we look on the vast sheet of water found there, we have a representation of a river, more perfect than the noblest pencil could ever furnish. If, then, a tasteful arrangement be made on its margin, there is nothing to prevent a most animated representation being brought before us of all the principal cities in the world. The lake cannot fail to perform its part well; admired as the

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Tiber last summer, it is equally great in the character of old Father Thames in the present year. On its banks we see London, not the London of to-day, but the old city, such as it was before the great fire in 1666, with the ancient cathedral of St. Paul's, or Powles, as it was formerly called, with its square tower; with the bridge, sustaining a palace and numerous houses. So crowded and so irregular the erections seem, as here presented, that doubts may be entertained of the accuracy of the exhibition; but we have no reason to call it seriously in question, if Sir William D'Avenant be a good authority. Writing of London about the period intended to be recalled, he says:—

“Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheelbarrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh! the goodly landscape of Old Fish Street, which if it had not the ill-luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founders’

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perspective; and where the garrets, perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity, are so narrow, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. Is unanimity of inhabitants in wide cities better expressed than by their coherence and uniformity of building, where streets begin, continue, and end, in a like stature and shape. But yours look as if they were raised in a general resurrection, where every man hath a several design, differ in all things that can make a distinction. Here stands one that aims to be a palace, and next it one that professes to be a hovel; here a giant, there a dwarf; here slender, there broad; and all most admirably different in faces, as well as in their height and bulk."

The London Bridge represented in the Gardens, was erected in the year 1178. It is here copied from Hollar's well-known print. It remained covered with buildings till the year 1560, which overhung the river. These were, for the most part, occupied by pin-makers, the first of whom was said to have been a Spanish negro, who introduced the art. The remains of a drawbridge in the middle, protected by an ancient tower, were then still to be seen.

It is always interesting to contrast the past with the present. The London here imagined is no more. In the fullness of time must that on which we now gaze also pass away. Will a modern Isaiah heave a sigh, "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary? The mountain of Zion is desolate, the foxes walk upon it." Or, will the fanciful imagining of a poet of our own time, be murmured over the sad reality,

"Here London stood, and gloried in her might,
And lived in peace and joy, and wealth and guilt:
"Here are thy merchants now, thy dearest pride!"
The great men of the earth!"

"Their name is passed;
Their arts have perished; and their land is wild,
As it had never been a land of men!"

HENRY DE LORRAINE, THE LAST DUKE OF GUISE.

(Continued from page 372.)

The haughty spirit of Henry was mortified beyond measure at finding himself in such company, and the scene before him so different from that which had been described, and from all that he had imagined. Del Ferro's absurdities were every day more startling and extravagant. Not only was he an impostor, but he was so brutally ignorant of all which a real ambassador from France must have intimately known, that one day passing through the streets, he threw himself on his knees, as he said,

before the picture of the king, his master. While really bending before a portrait of Henry IV, with a long white beard, he supposed it to be that of Louis XIV, then a boy. On another occasion, this person, so fond of prostrating himself, acted a very different but not less ridiculous part. To give importance to a procession in which the duke moved, he preceded him with a drawn sword, cutting at every one that came in his way, and wearing, wrote the Duke, "a black perriwig, such as is worn in our theatres by furies, made of a horse's tail."

The unutterable disgust thus inspired, was not slow in ripening into deep resentment, and crimes the most fearful suggested themselves to the inflamed mind of Guise. When so pitiable a being as Gennaro stood between him and his ambition, there were no means by which he could be effectually removed that the duke might not be brought to regard with complacency. The Spaniards hated the rebellious populace as well as the nobility, but the nobility hated the mob more than the Spaniards. For the middle classes—the merchants, lawyers, and thriving shopkeepers who were called the "black cloaks," they were sick of the revolution, but could not agree on the means of putting an end to its disorders. In short, there was no point of union. All was confusion and discord. The lower classes who furnished the only soldiers at his command, he described to be very proper for insurrections, but they committed so many outrages that it afterwards became necessary to offer their heads as a sacrifice to public hatred. He was for a time popular with all classes, but seems to have been heartily ashamed of his admirers.

At length the succours which he had been promised from France, arrived, and it was proposed by the commanding officer who brought them, to put the supplies now forwarded, not into the hands of Guise, but into those of Gennaro. This he attributed to the underhanded doings of that wretched person, against whose ignorance, brutality, and treachery, he now loudly exclaimed. He got a body of men some thirty or forty thousand strong, to call upon him to place himself at their head as their king. It was, however, necessary to compel Gennaro to resign. This he was soon bullied into doing. While hating Guise most sincerely, he pretended he was but too happy in surrendering the power he had been trusted with, into the hands of De Lorraine. When that was done, the latter assumed the title of "Duke of the Republic, Protector of the liberties, and Generalissimo of the armies of Naples;" that of king, though the object dearest to his heart, he did not dare to claim. Even the distinction of duke was too much in the eyes of his friends. The

French fleet withdrew after a contest with a Spanish squadron, and left him to deal with a discontented nobility and mutinous troops, as he might, without any means but his own, and no prospect of finding any. He met the dangers to which he was exposed, with characteristic determination. Those who opposed his authority, he got rid of expeditiously by slaying them with his own hand. On this desperate course he was admonished that it involved him in great danger, his answer was sufficiently arrogant. "*Odi profanum vulgus*. Naturally, I despise the mob. When God formed a man of my rank, he placed his stamp upon my features, that groundlings can only look upon me and tremble."

Yet still he lived in dread of assassination. One desperate man assailed him with a poniard, but failed in his object. An attempt was afterwards made to poison him, and thus the duke protector, with all his courage, found it no easy task to defend himself. Gennaro, who dared not to manifest hostility, did not scruple to plot his murder. This was his position, when one of his adherents, Angustino Mollo, waited on him one night, and said,

"I have brought you something that will relieve you from the designs of Gennaro for ever. Here is a vial apparently of clear and beautiful water. Get him to swallow this, and it will carry him off in three or four days, without his having the least suspicion of his fate, as it is perfectly tasteless."

The duke was not above availing himself of the unworthy means suggested for dismissing the poor demagogue from life. On the following day, he contrived to get him to swallow the whole of the draught. It made him sick, but occasioned no other inconvenience beyond an illness of a few days' duration. The duke wished him dead, and had no conscientious scruples about the manner in which he should be disposed of; his sole anxiety was that it might be accomplished in such a way, that France should not suppose he had fallen the victim of attachment to her interests.

In this deplorable condition he remained for some time, the chief of a nation without power, supported only by the most desperate; who were likely to prove the most faithless of mankind. His army was composed of regiments formed of banditti. Of this force he numbered 3,500, the oldest of them was under forty-five years of age, the youngest about twenty. They were tall, with long curling hair, and had coats of Spanish leather, with sleeves of velvet or cloth of gold. Their lower garments were made of scarlet cloth, adorned with gold lace. They had each two pistols stuck in their velvet girdles, a cutlass, and a firelock, with a cap of cloth of gold or silver.

These men, though fierce in appearance were not to be depended upon. One of them, Paul of Naples, defied his authority, and plundered some of the citizens. Guise acted with his wonted resolution on this occasion. He caused the offender to be seized and put to the rack, when he confessed that he had plotted against the duke's life. He was thereupon condemned and executed.

Gennaro, the timid trembling Gennaro, had got the tower of the Carmelites filled with his friends. This gave De Lorraine great uneasiness, and he could find no means of disposing of a rival whom he scorned to recognise as such. He however believed that he was gradually conquering the difficulties of his situation, when a celebrated Italian astrologer, named Cucurullo, waited on him to solicit a passport, that he might leave Naples.

"Why, Cucurullo," demanded the Duke, "would you withdraw?"

"The stars," replied the astrologer, "hitherto favourable to you, now change their course, and are about to shine on the Spaniards, your foes."

"Show me your calculations?"

"Duke, they are here," said Cucurullo, laying before De Lorraine a sheet of paper, and explaining the courses and the aspects of the heavenly bodies.

"Thou hast studied thy wits out of thy head," said Guise, and he then proceeded to show the astrologer from his own *data*, that the danger was past.

"In eight days," Cucurullo solemnly replied, "thou wilt be a captive."

The duke affected to laugh at the warning, and gave the desired passport. Cucurullo withdrew, and the duke, exulting in his growing power, conducted an expedition against Nisita, opposite Mount Pansilippo. He was thus engaged, when he read the following note from Angustino Mollo.

"Naples is worth more than a wretched shoal. Return, the city will be presently attacked."

Guise remained one night longer before Nisita. Before the dawn of another day, his kingdom had passed away. An attack on it was made by a sally from all the castles, April 6th, 1458, headed by Don Juan of Austria and the new viceroy, the Conde D'Onata, and all gave way before him. Guise attempted to retake Naples, but in verification of Cucurullo's prediction, was made prisoner. The Spaniards threatened to execute him, but this was prevented by Don Juan. Gennaro was beheaded with little ceremony; Guise was sent to Spain, where he remained four years. Mademoiselle de Pons proved faithless. He eventually gave himself up to dissipation. As one of the gallants of the court of Louis XIV, he shone among the votaries of pleasure, and died in 1664.

CHILDISHNESS OF NAPOLEON.

Mrs. Abell, formerly Miss Balcombe, was a child living with her parents and family at Briars, in St. Helena, when Napoleon Bonaparte arrived there in 1815, and he became their inmate. Her recollections of him give a more lively picture of the childishness which he occasionally used to assume, than we remember to have seen from any other hand. The pleasure of teasing could hardly be more luxuriated in than it was on one occasion, when the young lady, having been refused permission to go to a ball about to be given by Sir George Cockburn, at her request, Bonaparte obtained her father's consent. He questioned her as to what dress she was to wear. What followed shall be told in her own words:—

"I now ran up stairs to bring my dress down to him. It was the first ball-dress I had ever possessed, and I was not a little proud of it. He said it was very pretty; and the cards being now ready, I placed it on the sofa, and sat down to play. Napoleon and my sisters were partners, and Las Cases fell to my lot. We had always hitherto played for sugar-plums, but to-night Napoleon said, 'Mademoiselle Betsee, I will bet you a Napoleon on the game.' I had had a pagoda presented to me, which made up the sum of all my worldly riches, and I said I would bet him that against his Napoleon. The emperor agreed to this, and we commenced playing. He seemed determined to terminate this day of *espiquerie* as he had begun it. Peeping under his cards as they were dealt to him, he endeavoured whenever he got an important one, to draw off my attention, and then slyly held it up for my sister to see. I soon discovered this, and calling him to order, told him he was cheating, and that if he continued to do so, I would not play. At last he revoked intentionally, and at the end of the game tried to mix the cards together to prevent his being discovered, but I started up, and seizing hold of his hands, I pointed out to him and the others what he had done. He laughed until the tears ran out of his eyes, and declared he had played fair, but that I had cheated, and should pay him the pagoda; and when I persisted that he had revoked, he said I was *méchante* and a cheat; and catching up my ball dress from off the sofa, he ran out of the room with it, and up to the pavilion, leaving me in terror lest he should crush and spoil all my pretty roses. I instantly set off in chase of him, but he was too quick, and darting through the marquee, he reached the inner room, and locked himself in. I then commenced a series of the most pathetic remonstrances and entreaties, both in English and French, to persuade him to restore me my frock, but in vain; he was

inexorable, and I had the mortification of hearing him laugh at what I thought the most touching of my appeals. I was obliged to return without it. He afterwards sent down word he intended to keep it, and that I might make up my mind not to go to the ball. I lay awake half the night, and at last cried myself to sleep, hoping he would relent in the morning; but the next day wore away, and I saw no signs of my pretty frock. I sent several entreaties in the course of the day, but the answer was, that the emperor slept, and could not be disturbed. He had given these orders to tense me. At last the hour arrived for our departure for the valley. The horses were brought round, and I saw the little black boys ready to start with our tin cases, without, alas! my beautiful dress being in them. I was in despair, and hesitated whether I should not go in my plain frock, rather than not go at all, when, to my great joy, I saw the emperor running down the lawn to the gate with my dress. 'Here, Miss Betsee, I have brought your dress; I hope you are a good girl now, and that you will like the ball; and mind that you dance with Gourgaud.' General Gourgaud was not very handsome, and I had some childish feud with him. I was all delight at getting back my dress, and still more pleased to find my roses were not spoiled. He said he had ordered them to be arranged and pulled out, in case any might have been crushed the night before."

THE PRIZE PLAY.

Nothing can be more perfect than the unanimity which prevails on the subject of the new prize play. All the critics concur in pronouncing it to be wanting in plot, and abounding in low, hackneyed, inefficient caricature. Mr. Webster wishes it to be borne in mind that *he* did not choose the play. Not he, indeed, such trash would never have been put on the stage by him! The committee, or *Seven Sages*, who made choice of it, say no blame should attach to them; had there been a better play, that better play they would have preferred; but ninety-seven out of the ninety-eight candidates aver a much better play was actually submitted (saving the alliterative sameness of the sentence) to the said seven sages.

These gentlemen, it seems, had twenty meetings. That was not too many. To read nearly five plays on each occasion, and to discuss their merits, was no light matter. We do not dispute their fitness, though what rendered Mr. Young, who was never seen but in tragedy, a particularly good judge of comedy, we have yet to learn. A play-licenser who had been accustomed to a fee of a guinea or two for merely reading a song, would not for a trifle read

ninety-eight five-act plays; and for gentlemen actively connected with the daily press to do so attentively—for them to find the necessary time to spare, about as many years would be required. It ought not to cause much surprise that parties so hardly tasked should, like a locked-up jury, deem it more prudent to come to a verdict than to continue the inquiry *ad infinitum*. So the thing was settled, and Mrs. Gore got the money, we suppose, though the manager was hardly satisfied that he had his *Quid Pro Quo*.

It must be admitted that the business was managed more rationally after all than could be expected from the original plan, which, it will be remembered, was to have the plays read in a sort of congress, at which actors, male and female, were to assist, Mr. Webster to have the casting vote. The judges seem to have tried to get at a general knowledge of the pieces offered. They are only to be blamed for placing themselves in so ridiculous a position. From the first the idea was a foolish clap-trap piece of humbug. Does any one believe that with moderate encouragement—the chance of a reading within a reasonable time, instead of being contemptuously neglected for weeks and months, that there would have been any falling off in the supply? It is the unfeeling delays, the favoritism, and, last, not least, the butchery committed on plays, even after they are accepted, that has degraded the stage. Let these matters be reformed, and no other premium need be offered for dramatic authorship.

TITLES OF BOOKS.

Some book titles affect a punning strain, as in Theodore de la Guard's "Simple *cobbler* of Aggawam, in America, willing to *mend* his native country, lamentably tattered both in the *upper-leather* and *sole*, with all the honest *stitches* he can, for

"When boots and shoes are torn up to the lefts,
Cobblers must thrust their awls up to the hells."
(1647.)

Others attempt to edify by exhibiting droll orthography, as in John Gower's scarce poem of "The *Cow-ragious* Combat," (1645).

The titles of religious works are frequently very fanciful, sometimes ludicrously so. One of the rarest works of Caxton's press is called "The *Chastysing* of God's Chyldren, profytable to man's soul, and right *comfortable* to his *Body*, specially in Adversitie." The title of one published in 1658, runs thus:—"A Wise Virgin's Lamp burning, or God's Sweet Incense of Love to a gracious soul waiting for Him, found in Anne Venn's closet after her death." Not quite so serious a title is that of another,

called, "Room for Miracles, or Miracles from Roome, a cart-load for a penny, exposing the Wonderful Fopperies imposed by the Popish Church, to which is added a Lamp of Holy Reliques worth Nobody knows what, as a cast into the Bargain." (1673.)

What lawyer can read without a smile such titles as these:—"Law is a bottomless Pit, exemplified in the case of John Bull, Nicholas Frog, and Lewis Baboon, who spent all they had in a Law-Suit"; "The Trial of a Black Pudding, or the Unlawfulness of eating Blood," (1652); "The Debate between Pride and Lowliness, pleaded in an Issue of Assize."

Black-puddings are noticed again in "A History of the Generous Usurer, Mr. Nevill, of Thames Street, who allowed his Maid a Black-Pudding for Dinner." (1641.) An epicure will be pleased with the title of "A Learned Dissertation on Dumppling, with a word upon Pudding." (1726.) Medical men will be amused with the title of "Banister's Historie of Man, sucked from the sap of the most approved Anatomists, for the Utilitie of all Godly Surgeons." (1578.) Readers afflicted with the gout may seek consolation in a book published at Philadelphia, entitled "The Honour of the Gout, demonstrating that it is one of the Greatest Blessings which can befall Mortal Man." (1732.) Husbands and wives may feel interested in "Strange and terrible news from Cambridge, being a true Relation and Trial of some Quakers who bewitched Mary Phillips out of the bed from her husband, and having transformed her into a mare, rode her from Dinton, towards Cambridge: with the manner how she became visible again in her own likeness and shape, with all her sides rent and torn as if they had been spur-galled." (1659.) Then there is John Gode's "Discourse of the great Crueltie of a Widow towards a Young Gentleman, and by what means he requited the same, set forth in English verse."

The literary, musical, and dramatic world may wince at such titles as these: "Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse, containing an Invetive against Poets, Pipers, Players, and Jesters." (1579); "The Peniless Parliament of Thread-bare Poets." (1608.) A foreign musician fancied that the violin was the subject sung of in a little book called, "The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle." (1814.) Not long since, a policeman collared a poor scholar whom he overheard say, "I have been seeking *The Life of the Duke of Wellington*." The mottoes on books are frequently quaint and amusing. Thus "Robert Record's Whetstone of Wit" (1557), has these lines:

"Though many stones do bear great price,
The whetstone is for exercise."

The following is from "The Secret History of Betty Ireland:"

"Read Moll Flanders, the German Princess scan,
Then match our Irish Betty if you can;
In wit and vice she did 'em both excel,
And may be justly called a Nonpareil."

From a desire to screen the printer or publisher from detection and prosecution, a certain class of works have frequently fictitious signatures and evasive sentences on the title-page. Thus a rare tract in defence of the Puritans, and entitled *Certain Articles collected by the Bishops out of an Admonition to Parliament*, is

"Imprinted we know where and whan,
Judge you the place and name him if you can."

A book on baptism, with plates, has the curious alliterative title of Daniel Featley's *Dippers Dipt*. (1644.)

I shall conclude with three singular titles, namely, *A Pill for the Author of Cranbrook*, or the *Doctor bled with his own Lancet*, by *Pedro Pilgartick*, which is followed by *A Poetical Battery of twenty-two guns (eight-pounders) loaded to the muzzles, and discharged at the Whimsicalities of Cranbrook*, by *Theophilus Thunderbolt*. Lastly, is a political publication, entitled "The Scots Nut-crackers to break cracked-crowns, and new-mould Sceptres, after the fashion of the Northern Blue Bonnets, with an account of the State of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland. London: printed for H. B., and sold in the Old Bailey, 1648."

J. H. F.

THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Hark—to the sound!
Without a trumpet, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

Starved children with their pauper sire,
And labourers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons, hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

The good, the bad come hand in hand,
Linked by that law which none withstand;
And at their head,
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout—sent upwards to the sky,
Of "Bread!—Bread!"

That word their ensign—that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain:
That the sole boon for lives of toll,
Demand they from their natural soil:—
Oh, not in vain!

One single year, and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and haggard brow,
Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes: their sole desire,
Rude comforts near their cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

But Hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh Truth and Virtue low,
And Pride elate:
Wild Hunger, stripped of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

For mark, what comes.—To-night, the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
And wine will run
In floods, and rafters blazing bright,
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun;

And plate carved round with quaint device,
And cups all gold, will melt, like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks, from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamps of bloody hands,
And trampling feet?

And Murder—from his hideous den
Will come abroad, and talk to men,
Till creatures born
For good (whose hearts kind Pity nursed),
Will act the direst crimes they cursed
But yester-morn.

So, Wealth by Want will be o'erthrown;
And Want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood.
Sweet Peace! who sitt'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the little to the great,
Canst Thou not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud?

Between the pomp of Crecus' state,
And Iru, starved by sullen Fate—
"Tween 'thee' and 'me'—
'Tween deadly Frost and scorching Sun—
The Thirty tyrants and the One—
Some space must be.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore—
Turk's bowstring—Tartar's vile ukase—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore?

Oh, God!—Since our bad world began,
Thus hath it been—from man to man.
War, to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame—from crime—despair,
Man's puny life!

THE DEATH OF SIMON DE MONTFORT.

Though Magna Charta was conceded by John, it was not cordially approved by his son. On this subject we had lately occasion to speak in the *Mirror*, and what was then stated is remarkably confirmed in Mr. Blaaw's work on the baron's war. The charter was all but abrogated in the time of Henry III, when those who had won determined to maintain it by their swords. Under Simon de Montfort they defied the

king, and in a battle fought at Lewes the royalists sustained a severe defeat.

The victor was for a time the hero and the idol of his land. A Latin poem, written by a monk, thus glorified him:—

"May the Lord bless Simon de Montfort, his sons and his comrades, who have so nobly and boldly fought, in compassion on the sad fate of the English, when they were so unspeakably trampled under foot, and nearly deprived of all their liberties, and even of life, languishing under their hard Princes." 'Blessed be the Lord God of Vengeance, who sits on His high throne in heaven, and by His own might treads upon the necks of the proud, making the great subject to the weak. He has subdued two kings and their two heirs into captivity, as transgressors of the laws, and has given over to ignominy all the pride of their warfare, with their numberless followers.'"

This day of joy and triumph was brief. The warlike Edward, in the cause of his royal father, soon proved himself more than a match for De Montfort and his friends, and the battle of Evesham annihilated their hopes, and deprived them of their valiant chief. We condense Mr. Blaaw's narrative of this great historical event.

At day-break, on Tuesday, August 4, after mass had been celebrated, absolution was again freely dispensed among the baronial soldiers, as on the eve of the battle of Lewes, by the same bold prelate:

"The Bissop Walter of Wurcestre assailed hom alle there,
And prechede hom, that hil adde of deth the lasse fere."
Rob. Glouc.

The barons were preparing to mount their horses and leave Evesham, in pursuance of their plan, when there came into view, issuing from the folds of the hill in the very quarter where they looked for young de Montfort, a large army, advancing towards them in battle array, divided into orderly squadrons, and bearing in their van the emblazoned banners of their expected friends. The sight gladdened their eyes and hearts for a time, but it was to Prince Edward they gave this fatal welcome. The heraldic ensigns were his trophies snatched from the Kenilworth captives, and his approach had been purposely so contrived as to cut off all communication between the father and son, and thus to appear in the direction most likely to give effect to the delusion.

When de Montfort, in order to reconnoitre the royalists, ascended a hill, or, as some say, the Tower of Evesham Abbey, where he had been hospitably entertained, he was so struck with admiration of their improved discipline, that the natural pride of a soldier led him to exclaim with his usual oath (alluding to a relic of the chivalrous champion of Spain recently brought

to England), "By the arm of St. James they come on skilfully, but it is from me they have learnt that method, not from themselves." At first only one division of his enemy, that led on by the Prince, had been seen by de Montfort, a small hill intervening to conceal the Earl of Gloucester's advance by a different line. When the whole danger was revealed to him, it seemed at once so overwhelming, that he gave free permission for his friends to take to flight, venting his prophetic apprehensions, "May the Lord have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are in the enemies' power." While escape was still possible, a generous rivalry led each leader to persuade others to adopt that means of safety, which he rejected for himself. Hugh le Despenser and Ralph Basset, when urged to fly, refused to survive de Montfort, and the great leader himself, when his son Henry affectionately offered to bear the brunt of the battle alone, while his father should preserve his life by flight, steadily answered, "Far from me be the thought of such a course, my dear son! I have grown old in wars, and my life hastens to an end; the noble parentage of my blood has been always notoriously eminent in this one point, never to fly, or wish to fly, from battle. Nay, my son, do you rather retire from this fearful contest, lest you perish in the flower of youth; you, who are now about to succeed (so may God grant) to me and our illustrious race in the glories of war."

The enemy now rushed forward, but in spite of the great disparity of numbers, the barons maintained the contest for two hours:—

Simon de Montfort (says one account), "fought stoutly like a giant for the liberties of England," and even when all the weight of the enemy's force was made to press upon him personally, he resisted their assaults "like an impregnable tower," with his dearest friends crowding around as if to defend him with the ramparts of their bodies. One by one they dropped in death; Basset and le Despenser, the most faithful of all his friends, at length sank to the earth near him. * * "Never will I surrender to dogs and perjurers, but to God alone," cried de Montfort, when summoned to do so. His horse had been killed under him, but though weakened by his wounds he yet fought on with so much spirit, wielding his sword with both hands against twelve knights, his assailants, and dealing his blows with so vigorous an old age, that, if there had been but eight followers like him, he would, according to an eye witness, have put the enemy to shame. It is said that Prince Edward, before the battle, had been desirous of taking the earl and his son prisoners, but the barons of his suite were resolved on their death, and an angry

multitude now pressed on de Montfort so fiercely, that, though fighting on to the last, sword in hand, and with a cheerful countenance, he at length fell when wounded by a blow from behind, overwhelmed by numbers rather than conquered. "Thus ended, by an honourable death, the inbred chivalry and prowess which had been ennobled by so many deeds in so many lands." "Thus lamentably fell the flower of all knighthood, leaving an example of steadfastness to others;—but who can prevent familiar treachery? they who had eaten his bread, had now raised their heels against him; they who loved him by word of mouth lied in their throats, not having their hearts right with him, but betraying him in his necessity." Such are the earnest comments of a French and an English chronicler on the event."

His son Henry fell on the same field; his son Guy was also severely wounded, and left for dead; and his banner-bearer, his esquires, indeed all his personal followers, laid down their lives in that fatal day.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER XIII.—TOUR-MAKING.

The most erroneous interpretation of the word instruction which it is possible to conceive, was that which prevailed in the last century, and which understood education as signifying a knowledge of every vice and folly of fashionable life. It was this absurd but almost universal notion, that originated the practice of sending young men entering upon maturity, to "make the Tour of the Continent." The man who could not gamble, or swear, or fight a duel, or drink his dozen bottles of wine, was thought an inferior being; his education was not considered complete until he was taught these questionable acquirements; and, as London—bad as it was—did not offer sufficient opportunities of attaining them, the youngster, who had just quitted school or college, was dispatched to Paris, the grand centre of dissipation and debauchery, under the pretence of affording him opportunities of obtaining an insight into continental manners and customs, but really, as it proves, to initiate him into continental vices and follies. A clergyman, whose hopes of preferment in the church had been disappointed, or who was destitute of friends and patrons to promote his interests, was usually chosen as the "tutor" or companion of his travels, but it was, obviously, the immediate interest of the tutor to allow his protégé the free range of his inclinations, and thus ingratiate himself with the young heir to a coronet or an estate. The consequence was that the tourist was suffered to plunge into

every dissipation—gambling at the common tables, intriguing with opera dancers, or dividing his time between the two and the theatres—whilst his parent was flattering himself, from the tutor's favorable reports, that his son was acquiring the polished manners of the continent, or the information and knowledge which were to fit him to assume the character of an accomplished gentleman, and to form, in after years, a constant and interesting fund of conversation.

The frequent demands for cash in many cases opened the eyes of a father to the extravagance of his son, and, when it was too late, the fatal infatuation which had induced him to afford such scope for his debauchery, became apparent. But—he was sent to see the world, and the world he had seen, so far as vice and depravity were comprehended in the term; and instead of measuring the height of mountains, sketching alpine scenery, or making notes of local customs, it was discovered that the young traveller had been allured, as might easily have been foreseen, into all the dissolute practices of the dissolute society to which his father's compliance with a fashionable and absurd practice had introduced him.

But, in many cases, funds were raised secretly and without any application to home, and the ingenuity of the tutor was constantly tortured to supply fresh schemes for obtaining money to be squandered away by his pupil. The estates which were to be his at his maturity, were mortgaged, legacies anticipated, reversions to property sold, and forthcoming annuities converted into cash; and the youth, who had been sent to the continent to complete his education, frequently returned to England, an irreclaimable spendthrift, an inveterate gambler, and a consummate scoundrel, with an admiration of foreigners, and everything that was foreign—a detestation of England and the English—and a constitution permanently shattered by excess and debauchery. As for the guilty tutor, who had connived at, and secretly aided, the vicious tastes of his pupil, he was generally appointed his chaplain—a sort of pensioner on his bounty, whose duty, so far from performing the offices of religion, was to join in every excess and intemperance of his "gay" patron and his dissolute associates.

CHAPTER XIV.—VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA.

Merrily beat the drum, gaily rang the bugles, and proudly strutted the heroes of the Royal London Volunteers, at the close of the last, and through two or three years of the present century, on a grand field day, when the entire corps of metropolitan Volunteers were to be reviewed by His Ma-

jesty in person. Mark the gaudy uniform of yonder sergeant of the Stepney corps—how different to the undress in which he dispenses farthing rushlights and half-ounces of coffee from behind his counter. This quartermaster of the Islington Volunteers, who struts along with all the dignity of a second Marlborough, is a dealer in tripe and trotters, but glowing patriotism and sense of public duty tore him from his shop, and forced him to the field. How conscious are the noble heroes of the thanks which their country owes them for their valour in assembling weekly to shoot at targets, and threaten destruction to the foe. Talk of a French invasion!—Why, Bonaparte, daring as he is, and backed by his “grand army” of warlike millions, would scarcely dare to show his face when such redoubtable warriors are ready to oppose him.

“Huzza! huzza!” shout till your welcomes ring again, ye ecstatic urchins! another band of their country’s brave defenders is added to the gaudy throng. Again the bugle sounds, and to its tune the valiant volunteers march off to display their martial spirit before the king. And now, ye gods of war and victory, speed them on their march, and preside over their evolutions in the Park, lest, perchance, they may betray their callings, and talk about business and “the shop!”

The long French war which occupied the latter half of the eighteenth century called into existence two grand provisions for the national defence—bodies of militia and volunteers. Every parish had its corps, and every corps had its peculiar uniform—grey, blue, red, or green. Then it was that the people were ardent for the glory of their country, and crowded anxiously to join the ranks of volunteers.

Many an honest tradesman owed his ruin to this warlike mania. First, came an outlay for the uniform—an expensive uniform it was, too; then, decked out in his full regimentals, he had to repair frequently to exercise; and thus the shop was deserted, and business dwindled down, till the ardent volunteer appeared in the “Gazette,” not among the list of military promotions, but in that of bankrupts. Cheerful times they were though, nevertheless; with the sun shining, the band playing, and children screaming from very pleasure, while the dauntless sons of Mars went through their exercise. Sometimes an accident would mar the festivity of the day, and a clumsy tailor, who had never handled a weapon heavier than his needle, would ground his arms upon his neighbour’s toe; sometimes, too, and not unfrequently, a tradesman, with a far better knowledge of his wares and trade than of the trade of war, has accidentally discharged his weapon through

a luckless passenger. But, generally, the field days passed off without any serious mishaps, and then the patriots adjourned to some first-rate tavern, and enjoyed a substantial dinner after braving the perils of the field. The Artillery Company of London, which has survived the war, and now is tasting the sweets (and annual dinners) of glorious peace, was the most exalted of the London Volunteers, and in its ranks were enrolled the aristocracy of the city. Then there were the Light Horse Volunteers, and the Loyal Volunteers, equally distinguished for their valour in the field, and who might have distinguished themselves still more had they but had an enemy to contend against. But the French, probably from respect to their prowess, possibly from other causes, obstinately persisted in their refusal to pay our shores a visit, and, at the conclusion of the war, in the early part of the present century, the Volunteers were disbanded without having a skirmish with the foe, notwithstanding the many alarms of invasions and descents upon our coast, which had so frequently drawn them shivering—with cold, not fear—from their beds and counters.

It is but justice to state that when the danger appeared most imminent, the volunteers were most numerous. All classes were ready to become soldiers. A valiant grocer was at the head of the Shoreditch Volunteers; the attorney-general commanded those of the Temple. Ludicrous as some of the scenes connected with these heroes necessarily were, in the main they were a most important force, and really determined—as expressed in an address spoken by Mr. C. Kemble, in the uniform of the Westminster Volunteers, of which he was a member—to do their duty against an invading enemy, and

“When they marched to guard the sea girt shore,” resolved to

“Return victorious, or return no more.”

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSES.

English travellers sometimes characterise the Americans as a “trading, swapping, spitting race.” Others consider their most strongly marked features to be inquisitiveness, public vain glory, and love of dollars. In both of these definitions there is a good deal of truth; but if I were called upon to describe the *universal* Yankee nation in laconic terms, I should say they are “a boarding people.” Perhaps the appellation will more particularly apply to the New-Yorkers, and denizens of three or four other large cities; but it holds good, to a certain degree, for every section of the republic.

In this particular, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, New Orleans, &c., are nearly alike.

It will perhaps surprise many persons to hear, but it is no less true, that half the inhabitants of New York hire accommodations at these houses. Married men and single men, old women and pretty girls, milliners and masons, cobblers, colonels, and counter-jumpers, tailors and teachers, lieutenants, loafers, ladies, lackbrains and lawyers; printers and parsons; "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," all "go out to board."

The New York boarding houses are of various grades, from the lordly Astor to the grub cellars near the North river docks. In Bond-street, and in parts of Broadway, there are the best of them; quiet, genteel, well ordered places, where people of self-imagined refinement and breeding can pass their time almost as pleasantly as in a private parlour, because the whole company is on a level, at least in these respects. Scattered over the city in all directions are boarding houses of different grades; some of them, perhaps, as well ordered, but mostly less exclusive.

Then there are *transient* boarding houses, which are chiefly occupied by emigrants; and here, decidedly, are to be experienced the best specimens of sharp practice. Prices are regulated according to the knowledge of the customers; anything they have to part with is purchased at the cheapest possible rate, and a great many mercenary advantages taken. I have known the keeper of one of those establishments in Pearl-street to pretend the utmost friendship and confidence to a stranger, till he (the lodger) unthinkingly told that he had succeeded in getting some property disembarked without paying duty! Then this worthy host, for a paltry reward, immediately informed the proper authorities, and had the goods seized in his own house.

The better houses seldom have "boarding" displayed on the door, but generally the name of the proprietor. Of course, in an establishment of this sort, conducted on anything like "a scale," many amusing and rare specimens of human nature may be met with. Suppose, for the entertainment of the *Mirror* readers, I give, at a venture, descriptions of the inmates of a New York boarding house of the better order.

It is breakfast time. That thin, sallow-checked, knowing-looking woman at the head of the table, is the landlady. She officiates at the coffee and tea urns, and, as each person appears to be prepared for a further supply, she sees that his or her wants are attended to. But, as the majority of her customers eat their breakfasts in five minutes, and none spend more than ten, she has a busy time of it during the first

meal. Nothing an Englishman will remark so soon, on landing in America, as the rapidity with which the people eat; but those who sojourn any length of time in the great republic, will adopt the same locomotive system in self-defence. Mr. K., the gentleman at the corner, is a cunning New Englander; that is, he is from one of the six northern states—or in other words, a Yankee; and Mr. D., next to him, is from the same wooden nutmeg section of the country. L. is from the old country, and having no profession, has dubbed himself a civil engineer. W. is a *dry goods* keeper in Greenwich street; and H., an elderly bachelor, who has a clothing store down town. A. is a Jewish gentleman of Chatham-street; S. one of a well-known publishing firm in Boston; and the next two young fellows are clerks in the Broadway. Mr. B., at the lower head of the table, is "a jeweller and a gentleman;" N., a salesman in a store near by; Dr. H., a dentist and physician; Mrs. H., his wife; an elderly woman, the mother of the landlady; and several others, ladies, &c., whom we feel delicate about mentioning. However, we must not neglect another gentleman, Y.; he is lately returned from Saratoga springs, where he has been reading American law: he had eaten his way to the silken dignity of the bar in London, but while he was doing so, he was reading novels; consequently, he was compelled to try a foreign country. But, now, having engrafted on judge Blackstone's commentaries, judge Lynch's maxims, he is bound for Philadelphia to try his fortune like an honest man; where, "I calculate, he will be in a pretty considerable fix, any way he can fix it; there is no two ways about that."

Here you have a fair specimen of the New York boarding house, selected at random; it is done merely for the purpose of giving the uninitiated reader an idea of the company to be met with there.

The rate of remuneration in these places, is from three dollars to six, and sometimes higher. In mechanics' boarding house, the customary price is somewhat less than three dollars. The dollar at present in America is worth 4s. 1½d.

J. B.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF ARGYLE.

Concluded from page 396.

After serving his country in several high stations, he became lord high chancellor of Scotland. He married Isabel Stewart, eldest daughter and co-heiress of John, lord of Lorn, and, in consequence, added the *gallej* to his achievement, with the designation of lord Lorn to his other titles. From this marriage came two sons and several

daughters. The earl died May 10, 1493, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Archibald, who fell commanding the vanguard in Flodden Field, September 9, 1513, leaving by Elizabeth, his wife, who was the daughter of John, earl of Lennox, a large family. He was succeeded by his son Colin, who, in 1428, was appointed lieutenant of the borders, warden of the marches, heritable sheriff of Argyleshire, justice-general of Scotland, and master of the king's household. He married lady Jane Gordon, daughter of Alexander, earl of Huntley; and, dying in 1553, was succeeded by his eldest son, of the same name, who was the first person of high rank that embraced the Protestant religion in Scotland. He became a strenuous advocate for the Reformation. His lordship was married, first, to Helen, daughter of James, earl of Arran, by whom he had one son; and afterwards became the husband of Margaret, daughter of William Greime, earl of Menteith, by whom he had, besides two daughters, a son who was named Colin, and who afterwards succeeded to the title as sixth earl. He died in 1558, and the title then came to his eldest son, Archibald, who, at the breaking out of the civil wars in Scotland, took part with queen Mary, and commanded her forces at the battle of Langside, 1568. After the assassination of the regent Moray, the earl of Argyle and others of the queen's party assembled at Linlithgow, April 10, 1570; and his lordship was then constituted, with the duke of Chatelherault and the earl of Huntley, her majesty's lieutenant in Scotland. When the regent Lennox fell in 1571, also by assassination, the earl was candidate for the regency, but failed. He was then sworn into the privy council, and the next year became lord high chancellor. His lordship's first wife was the lady Jane Stuart, natural daughter of James V. This lady, it is on record, was at supper with her sister, queen Mary, on the memorable ninth of March, 1566, when Rizzio was murdered. She stood proxy for queen Elizabeth at the baptism of James VI, afterwards king of England. After her decease, the earl married lady Johanna Cunningham, second daughter of Alexander, fifth earl of Glencairn, but had no issue by either of his consorts. On his death in 1575, his estates and titles devolved on his half brother, Sir Colin Campbell, of Boguhan (before mentioned). He was a member of the privy council, and lord high chancellor of Scotland. He was married twice. By his second lady, Agnes, daughter of William Keith, earl mareschal, and widow of James, earl of Moray, the regent, he had two sons, Archibald and Colin. On his death in 1584, the former came to the title. He was a military officer of great reputation, who, after distinguishing himself in arms at home, went into the ser-

vice of Philip III of Spain, and gained additional renown in the wars against Holland. His lordship married, first, lady Anne Douglas, daughter of William, earl of Morton, by whom he had, with four daughters, one son. He afterwards married Anne, daughter of Sir William Cornwallis, of Brome, and had by her a son and a daughter. The earl died in 1638, and was succeeded by his son Archibald, who was created marquis of Archibald by letters patent, dated November 15, 1641. He resigned, into the hands of Charles I, the justiciary of all Scotland, which had been in his family for several ages, reserving only to himself and his heirs the jurisdiction of the Western Isles and of Argyleshire, and whatever other lands he possessed in Scotland, which arrangement was ratified by act of parliament, in 1633. During the civil wars, he was a most zealous supporter of the royal cause, and at the king's coronation at Scone, January 1, 1650-1, had the honour of placing the crown on his majesty's head. After the defeat of the royal army at Worcester, Argyle retired to Inverary, where he continued to act on the defensive for a whole year, till, falling sick, he was surprised by General Dean, and carried prisoner to Edinburgh. Having received orders from General Monk to attend a privy council, he was entrapped into being present at the ceremony of proclaiming Cromwell lord protector. On the restoration, the marquis immediately repaired to London for the purpose of congratulating the king, but his majesty refused to see him, and ordered him to be committed to the Tower, where he remained till the following December, when he was sent back to Scotland by sea, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. He was afterwards tried for high treason, and condemned to die, May 25, 1661. Two days afterwards he addressed a long letter to the king, vindicating his conduct, and imploring protection for his poor wife and family. He dined at noon cheerfully with his friends, and was accompanied by several of the nobility to the scaffold, where, after an interval of devotion, his head was struck off by the *maiden* at the market cross of Edinburgh. He had married Margaret, daughter of William, earl of Morton, and was succeeded by the eldest of two sons.

Archibald, the ninth earl, was in 1660 restored to the honours of his family as earl of Argyll. Refusing to subscribe to the Test act, he was tried for high treason, December 19, 1681, and sentenced to die, but made his escape from the castle of Edinburgh disguised as a page, holding up the train of Lady Sophia Lindsay, his step-daughter. He left the kingdom, but was subsequently captured in an unsuccessful attempt to invade Scotland in the beginning of the reign of James II, and was executed

in the same place as his father, and in the same manner, June 30, 1685. He was married to Lady Mary Stewart, daughter to the earl of Moray, by whom he left, with other issue, four sons, Archibald, John, Charlotte, and Neil. The eldest, Archibald, was acknowledged earl of Argyle by the convention of estates in Scotland in 1689, before the reversal of attainder against his father, and he was created by the new monarch, after the revolution, to requite the services he had rendered in promoting that measure, lord Inverary, Mull, Morvern, and Tyry; viscount of Lochow and Glenillon; earl of Campbell and Cowall; marquis of Kintyre and Lorn, and duke of Argyle, to him and his heirs male whatsoever. His grace married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Lionel Talmarsh, of Helmingham, in the county of Stafford, by Elizabeth, countess of Dysart and duchess of Lauderdale, and left two sons, with a daughter. He died January 28, 1703, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John. This nobleman was born in 1678, and distinguished himself as a great military commander. By queen Anne he was created a British peer, November 29, 1705, as baron Chatham and earl of Greenwich; and advanced to the dukedom of Greenwich, April 13, 1719. In 1735-6, he was constituted field-marshal of all his majesty's forces. He was eminent in the council as well as in the field, and is thus spoken of by Pope:—

"Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field."

His grace married, first, Mary, daughter of John Brown, Esq., but by that lady he had no issue; and secondly, Jane, one of the maids of honour to queen Anne, daughter of Thomas Warburton, Esq., of Winnington, in the county of Cheshire. By her he had five daughters, viz., Caroline, Anne, Jane, Elizabeth, and Mary. On his death, in October, 1743, without male issue, his English honours ceased, but he was succeeded in those of Scotland by his brother Archibald, who had been created, October 29, 1706, a peer of Scotland, by the titles of lord Oransa, Dunoon, and Arase, and viscount and earl of Hay. He was at the head of the government of Scotland. He married a Miss Whitfield, but had no issue by her. He died April 15, 1761; his own immediate honours became extinguished, but those of his family descended to his cousin. This was John, descended from the Campbells of Mamore, who now became the fourth duke. In 1720, he married Mary, daughter of John, second lord Bellenden, by whom he had five children, John, Henry, Frederick, William, and Caroline. On his death, November 17, 1770, he was succeeded by his eldest son. John (fifth duke) was born in 1720, and was created an English peer during the time of his father, as baron Sund-

ridge, of Coom Bank, in Kent, December 19, 1766, with remainder to his brothers Frederick and William. He married, March 3, 1759, Elizabeth, relict of James, sixth duke of Hamilton, and second daughter of John Gunning, Esq., of Castle Coole, in the county of Roscommon. By her grace, who had been created a peeress of Great Britain, as baroness Hamilton of Hambleton, in Leicestershire, May 4, 1776, the duke had issue, two sons and two daughters; the former were named George William and John Douglas Edward Henry, the latter Augusta and Charlotte Susan Maria. He died May 24, 1806, and was succeeded in all his honours by George William, who was born September 22, 1768, and succeeded to the English barony of Hamilton at the decease of his mother the baroness, September 20, 1790. He married, November 29, 1810, lady Caroline Elizabeth Villiers, daughter of George, fourth earl of Jersey, whose previous marriage with Henry, marquis of Anglesey, had been dissolved in Scotland at her ladyship's suit. By her he had no issue. She died June 16, 1835, and the duke departed this life October 22, 1839. He was succeeded by his brother, John Douglas Edward Henry Campbell, the present duke, who was born December 21, 1777. He married, August 3, 1802, Eliza, eldest daughter of William Campbell, Esq., of Fairfield. Her ladyship died, having no issue, December 9, 1818. His grace was married a second time, April 17, 1820, to Joan, only daughter of John Glassel, Esq., of Long Neddry, in East Lothian, who died January 22, 1828. By her he had two sons and a daughter: George Henry, marquis of Lorn, born January 11, 1821; George Douglas, born April 30, 1822; and Emma Augusta. His grace entered the matrimonial state a third time, January 8, 1831, with Anne Colquhoun, eldest daughter of John Cunningham, Esq.

MADAME THIERRY.

One bright name is supplied to the list of accomplished women, by the late Madame Thierry, who is, unhappily, too soon withdrawn from the scene which her noble-minded virtue established. That sordid prudence on which some pride themselves, she disdained. Like *Desdemona*, she could love a man for his mind. M. Augustin Thierry, a distinguished French historian, was blind; the lady of whom we speak, the daughter of the admiral de Quérangal, smitten with admiration of his works, formed an ardent wish to soothe the sufferings of his life, and lighten his darkness with the perpetual presence of a friend; and, having become his wife, thirteen years passed away in a devotedness, the details of which it is

affecting to read, and her loss to this frail and sightless man it is painful to contemplate. To the world of literature, Madame Thierry was known by her romance of *Adelaide*, and *Scènes de Mœurs aux dix-huitième et dix-neuvième Siècles*. She was attended to her grave by the most eminent literary men in the capital, with the veteran Chateaubriand at their head. Such a being really proves—

"Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven."

Reviews.

SYSTEMATIC COLONISATION.

1. *Emigration and Colonisation: embodying the results of a mission to Great Britain and Ireland, in 1839, 40, 41, and 42.*—By Thomas Rolph Esq., late Emigration Agent to the Government of Canada. Mortimer, 1844.
2. *On the advantages of a Triform system of Colonisation in South Africa, affording a gloriously splendid prospect for the next generation of mankind.* By Edward King. Longmans, 1844.

Mr. Edward King's scheme, we learn from his pamphlet, was conceived twenty years ago; it was first submitted to Mr. Canning, who could see nothing in it: and, last of all, to Lord Stanley, who also attached to it the same degree of merit. The author now appeals to the public. The work is a psychological curiosity—in style and sentiment it is altogether *sui generis*—and the writer, indeed, conscious of a rare idiosyncrasy, suggests that perhaps "the reader doubts either his sanity or his sincerity." We doubt neither. Disencumbered of a cumbrous and sentimental phraseology, his scheme advocates a colonisation under the paternal care of government, which shall secure to every colonist a fair share of the general produce; no national surplus to be acknowledged until after every member of the community has had enough. To quote the author's own description:—

"The system of colonisation which is here advocated, is called *Triform* system, because the Plus which may be obtained under it, would be *TRIPARTED* into RENT, INTEREST, and PROFIT.

"This idea of tripartition of Plus is not altogether new: it crudely and irregularly prevails now, in England. It is customary to regard land as being worth *THREE RENTS*; of which one, as rent, is for the landlord. The second, as interest, is for the capitalist or tenant, who usually bestows his time, skill, and labour; and in return for these last, takes maintenance for himself, wife, and family. The third is for labour, in-

cluding tradesmen's bills, rates, and other contingent expenses. The *Triform* system of colonisation proposes to simplify and systematise the idea, so that it may be carried out very fully.

"In working out the *Triform* system of colonisation, there are, however, other important characteristic distinctions, besides that of systematising the division of the Plus. That system acknowledges, very fully, the rights of a man to a *sumptuous enough* (to which they are entitled as the sons of God), out of the total bounty of providence, *prior to, or before, the elimination of the Plus*. Until man's every necessity shall have been provided for, there can, by no possibility, be any Plus."

We say, then, that we need not doubt the sanity or sincerity of any one who would urge the abstract justice and propriety of the British government so guarding and controlling its "colonial estates" as that they shall return a revenue to itself in the shape of rent; an interest to the capitalist who invests his capital in their settlement and reclamation; and a profit to the settler who invests *himself and his labour* in the same field. But we confess that we are half inclined to doubt the sanity of any man who pretends to believe that any government that can sell its waste lands at 10s. or 50s. an acre, and so make a comfortable job of colonisation, will take the trouble to organise or superintend a new system. "Colonies," says Mr. King, "are infant kingdoms—baby nations—empires in childhood." Colonies, we know, are practically "infant jobs—baby catchpennies—bantling bubbles."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

But so it is.

The author would substitute christian cooperation for self-interest. Christianity having also been made a job of, Mr. King coins the word *christism* to signify the practical application of christian principles to colonisation. Mr. Wakefield's system of selling lands and labourers together he does not think very christian: as, not being awake to the virtues of supply and demand, he argues that English labourers being worth at least £200 each to a colony ought not to be transferred to a purchaser of land at £10 or £20 per head, paid out of an immigration fund, created by his own purchase money. "The immigrant himself," he affirms, "receives no benefit from this his own value. It dwelt originally in his own appetites and wants, bones and muscles; but on landing it slipt out of himself; and by the legerdmain of self-interest it spread itself over, and settled into the circumjacent appropriated lands of the colony."

"Whether these colonising companies and

the government are fully cognisant of these facts may be doubted; there can, however be, but little doubt that colonising companies, by this time, are practically aware that the value of all the appropriated lands of a colony, collectively taken, becomes enhanced at or about the rate of £200 per head, for every adult immigrant that they can obtain. Hence arises their clamour for more labourers, for the concentration of the population, &c. This, too, is probably the birth-place of the self-interest philanthropy of colonising companies. It may be questioned whether a government is fully patriotic in permitting individuals and companies to kidnap men and women, both labourers and small capitalists, throughout the three kingdoms, by flaring advertisements; or in keeping open an office, at the nation's cost, to facilitate their aim."

We believe the colonising companies and all governments understand these things very well. But as there is a surplus of souls and bodies in the labour market, it is very evident, according to the first principles of political economy, that we need not specify what must be so very evident. Our author calls political economy, diabolism; we wonder if Adam Smith ever suspected himself to be the prince of darkness!

Dr. Rolph, too, has his "Triform system" of colonisation for British America:—

"1. The unremunerative capital of England.

"2. The unemployed population of the United Kingdom.

"3. The unproductive lands of British America are the three elements to combine and carry on a most useful and most profitable scheme of colonisation. It is in their very conjunction only where the difficulty lies."

The extract we have offered elsewhere, from Doctor Rolph's work, and the opinions there expressed, may lead some of our readers to suppose us unfriendly to the cause of emigration: but it is not so. Only while we would urge on one good work, let us not leave the greater one neglected. While the abundant elements of wealth exist in Canada, in China, at the Antipodes, they are not less abounding at home; let not colonisation, like Exeter Hall charity, make a *viaduct* of England to bear to a distance only the means of happiness. There are uncultivated domains belonging to England in all quarters of the world: and neither in China nor in England is there any deficiency of labour. Land, labour, and capital, therefore, on all sides may be profitably brought together, and perhaps no field promises better than that to which Dr. Rolph, with great energy, earnestness, and talent, has devoted himself.

Much of the volume before us is occupied

with a defence of the defunct "British American Association," and we candidly admit that Dr. Rolph demonstrates that error of judgment, at the most, and not dishonesty of purpose, had a share in its failure; while the "*pars magna*" was unfortunate circumstance and uncandid opposition. It cannot be, in justice, doubted, that infinitely less principle is to be conceded to the "Right Honourable Nicholas Rigby" of the *Times*, whose "slashing articles," with a half-penny's worth of truth and an intolerable load of cruel assumption, have so often led by the nose the piggish multitude, and destroyed many a fair promise of useful enterprise.

There is *rather* too much of this volume on systematic colonisation—too many reports of speeches—and certainly too much of "my speech," and "my proceedings." The speech of Sir R. Brown, however (p. 255), at the meeting of the committee of inquiry at the London Tavern, is, apart from its bearing on the general merits of the Association, interesting as a composition, marked by fine taste and elegance of expression.

The Handbook of the Teeth. John Churchill.

This is an excellent little work, containing wholesome advices for the cure of diseases of the teeth, with a description of the different sorts of artificial teeth now in use. Mr. Browne, the author of the treatise, appears to thoroughly understand his profession, and his practical experience, has induced him to offer this little work to public notice with the hope of directing the attention of all to the importance of keeping their teeth in a healthy state, and thereby to prevent them from premature decay. The object of Mr. Browne, will, without doubt, be fully accomplished, as the *multum in parvo* style in which it is written, enables him to put it, as regards price, within the reach of every one.

Miscellaneous.

Sporting Adventure.—Chasing the chamois in Switzerland is sometimes attended with startling accidents. An English sportsman, who had ventured to join the mountaineers in their venturesome labours, thus recounts one incident which he witnessed. "Our guide took us to a spot called *Le Monde Perdu*, a range of mountains said to be 7000 feet above the sea; they cannot be less than 13,000 feet high. They are covered, for several thousand feet, with a thick mantle of perpetual snow, and

their summits are in general finely formed. To arrive at this *Monde Perdu*, we had to cross a considerable glacier. Its inclination not being great, the clefts were not wide, and were completely concealed by lately-fallen snow. Into one of these my friend unfortunately fell. I shall never forget my sensations, when, upon hearing Hoderas exclaim, "Der Her ish hineingefallen!" I turned hastily round, and where I had but an instant before seen my friend, saw nothing but an even surface of dazzling snow, with only his mountain-pole standing by the spot where he had disappeared. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe either the acuteness of my agony, or even the very nature of the feelings I experienced in that moment. It was not like a common death, where the means of destruction, or the inanimate corse, are visible, and the mind is, to a certain degree, satisfied, by tracing the connection between cause and effect; but here it seemed as if he had been at once mysteriously swept from the face of creation! I instantly ran up, though without the slightest hopes of his safety, as these crevices are usually several hundred feet deep. To my unspeakable delight, however, I found that he had stuck fast about six or eight feet below the surface. All glaciers, from being on an inclined plane, are crossed by clefts, or crevices, of various length, wide in the middle, and of course narrow towards each end. My friend had providentially fallen in just at the termination of one of these fissures; had he crossed it but a few feet on one side he must have sunk to an unknown depth, and, if not mercifully killed by the fall, must have perished by a miserable and lingering death between cold and hunger. There, however, he was sticking fast between two walls of thick-ribbed ice, without the power of moving hand or foot. I do not think it would have been an easy job for me and Hoderas to have extricated him from his cool lodging, but fortunately we had in Marchetti the very man for such emergencies. He was at some distance when we let him know what had happened. 'Can you hear him,' was the characteristic rejoinder of one not unaccustomed to such adventures? 'Yes.' 'Can you see him?' 'Oh! yes, he is only a few feet beneath the surface.' 'Oh! very well; wait, then, till I come.' And accordingly he came up at his usual pace, and having made steps on each side of the *crêvasse*, descended within it, fastened a knotted handkerchief round my friend's hands, and then raised him up as easily as I would an infant.'

A King's Speech in the Twelfth Century.
—At a convention of his nobles in 1106, Henry I made the following extraordinary speech to them in reference to his brother

Robert, whom he had dispossessed of his right to the English crown, and who at that time was on a friendly visit to him:—"You all know very well," he said, "that my brother Robert was both called by God and elected king of Jerusalem, which he might have happily governed; and how shamefully he refused that rule, for which he justly deserves God's anger and reproof. You know also, in many other instances, his pride and brutality. Because he is a man that delights in war and bloodshed, he is impatient of peace. I know that he thinks you a parcel of contemptible fellows; he calls you a set of drunkards and gluttons, whom he hopes to tread under his feet. I, truly a king, meek, humble, and peaceable, will preserve and cherish you in your ancient liberties, which I have formerly sworn to perform; will hearken to your wise counsels with patience; and will govern you justly after the example of the best of princes. If you desire it, I will strengthen this promise with a written charter; and all those laws which the holy king Edward, by the inspiration of God, so wisely enacted, I will again swear to keep inviolable. If you, my brethren, will stand by me faithfully, we shall easily repulse the strongest efforts the cruellest enemy can make against me and these kingdoms. If I am only supported by the valour and power of the English nation, all the weak threats of the Normans will no longer seem formidable unto me." The harangue of Henry to his nobles had the desired effect, though he afterwards broke all his fair promises to them. Robert, who at first had made a show of gaining the kingdom by force of arms, drew back much disgusted. His brother followed, and gained a victory over him, took the duke prisoner, put out his eyes, and condemned him to perpetual imprisonment.

The Gatherer.

Ghosts in the Olden Time.—The ancients, with their attachment to methodising, supposed every man to be possessed of three different ghosts, which, after the dissolution of the body, were differently disposed of. They were distinguished by the names of Manes, Spiritus, and Umbra. The Manes, they fancied, went down into the infernal regions, the Spiritus ascended to the skies, and the Umbra hovered about the tomb, as being unwilling to quit its old connexions. Thus Dido (Virg. *Æneid* iv. 384) threatens Æneas that after her death, she will haunt him with her Umbra, while the news of his torments shall come down to her among the Manes below.

The Statue of Lord Byron.—There has been much misrepresentation on the subject of the statue executed by Thorwaldsen of Lord Byron. It cost, not £30,000, but £2,000. This sum was raised by subscription, and paid for the statue; a fact which disposes of the imaginary reverting right of the artist's executors, and all the fanciful proceedings ascribed to them. The statue was never removed from the London Docks, where it was originally deposited.

The Queen and the Jeweller.—The following is a copy of a note sent by Anna, Queen of James I, to George Heriot, the wealthy jeweller:—"Ane presept of the queen.—Geordg Heriatt, I earnestlie dissyr youe present to send me tua hundrethe pundes with all expidition, becaus I maun hest me away presentlie. ANNA R."

A Novelty.—On the statue of the Duke of Wellington being elevated in front of the Royal Exchange, on the 18th instant, it was mentioned by Mr. L. Jones that that was "The first equestrian statue ever raised during the life of the person represented. Never had either king or subject the opportunity of seeing himself so represented before."

The late Mr. Campbell.—Application has been made by Mr. Campbell's executors to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, for the purpose of ascertaining whether permission could be granted, on application, for the interment of his remains in the Poet's Corner of the Abbey. The answer was in the affirmative.

Mr. Dickens.—This gentlefian leaves England with his wife and family, to take up his abode for a time in Italy. He proceeds, in the first instance, to Genoa.

King Charles's Bible.—At Broomfield, near Chelmsford, is a bible which belonged to King Charles the First, the date A.D., 1529, Norton and Bill, printers. It is a folio, bound in purple velvet; the arms of England richly embroidered on both covers; and on a fly leaf is written, "This bible was King Charles the First's, afterwards it was my grandfather's, Patrick Youngs, Esq., who was library keeper to his Majesty, now given to the church at Broomfield, by me, Sarah Atwood, August 4th, 1723." The bible is perfect, but there is no signature to sheet I; the pages run from 84 to 87, there being no 85 and 86.

Great Minds command Respect.—"If common-place men, hurried by vulgar perplexities into a display of passionate fear, extort from us a pitying smile: on the other hand, we regard with awe a spirit in which the seed of a great destiny is sown—which can accelerate neither the good nor the evil, neither the happiness nor the unhappiness, that will spring up from it."—*Goethe.*

Anecdote of a Spanish Grandee.—Carlos IV, in friendly conversation, one day asked

the duke of Medina Celi of how many cities, towns, and villages he was the owner. "Nine hundred ninety and nine, sire," was the reply of the grandee. "And why not," rejoined his majesty, "purchase one more, to make it up the even thousand?" "Because," rejoined the lordly vassal, "the expression of nine hundred and ninety-nine is so much more vast than that of one thousand."

Slavery in England.—In the twelfth year of Edward III, a general commission was issued to manumit the slaves. The greater part of the peasants in some countries of Germany had acquired their liberty before the end of the thirteenth century; in other parts, as well as in all the northern and eastern regions of Europe, they remained much longer in a state of vassalage. Particular instruments for the manumission of slaves in England are extant of the age of Henry VIII; and instances of predial servitude have been discovered as late as the time of Elizabeth.

Hints for Talkers.—He who will never condescend to remark "how very hard it rained last night;" that "the dust was very troublesome in the park;" or that the "thermometer stood this morning in the shade, at 72o;" will justly be considered a morose fellow, and will be as much avoided by good company as the man who never ventures into a more questionable proposition. He who cries "Fish!" when he hears that frugality is a virtue, or that Joseph Hume sometimes talks without book, must be content to pass for a free-thinker; and he who will not stoop to vent an occasional Joe Miller, must make up his mind to sit often mumchance, and to find no favour for his most brilliant *bon mot*.

The Monks and the People.—Dr. Ormerod, the historian of Cheshire, has collected from the MS. leger-book of Vale-Royal abbey some curious particulars relating to the hostility which the natives of Dernhall manor for a long time displayed towards their monastic proprietors in the fourteenth century. In the year 1321, says Dr. Ormerod, "the monks who ventured to pass their consecrated limits, were pursued by the Winningtons, Leightons, and Bulkeleyes, and saved their lives only by flight; and, in the same year, the leger-book records a still more atrocious instance, by which it appears that the Ollingtons murdered John Boddeworth, a monk of the abbey, and played at football with the head after the perpetration of the deed."

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

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